

Where It/She/They Belong

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Where It/She/They Belong

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Summary

Gamagoori had buried his crush. Deep down. Far away. Where it needed to be where he could keep his sanity.

Mankanshoku though... she was an expert in bringing it closer and closer.

And everyone was too good at reading him not to notice.

Captured

Gamagoori did not do well under this sort of pressure. He had failed this family. He had let their daughter, a girl he considered brave and (dare he say it) his friend be taken by the thing he had sworn to defeat.

Yes, they had beaten the COVERS, but that didn't change the fact that he had failed them.

"Did you meet them yet?" Mankanshoku ran up to him.

"Yes."

"Did you like them?"

"Yes."

"Did my dad treat your wounds?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't have any."

"That's silly, Gamagoori." Mankanshoku giggled. "We're in a war. Of course you have injuries."

"But--"

She grabbed his hand and his protest immediately and involuntarily stopped.

"Nope! You're coming with me!"

Even now, after graduation, she wouldn't allow him to escape.

"You're going to be late, Gamagoori."

"I'm almost there, Mankanshoku." He sighed into his phone.

"Well how almost is almost. Mom is making her croquettes. You don't want to be late."

"I'm three blocks away. I see Sanageyama now. Excuse me." He hung up.

“It’s good that you’re on good terms with your girlfriend’s family.” Sanageyama smiled at him.

“Mankanshoku is not my girlfriend.”

“Really?” Sanageyama laughed. “Is that what you think.”

“Uzu!”

“There’s *my* girlfriend.” Sanageyama waved to Matoi.

“Gamagoori!”

“And there’s *yours* .” He smirked.

“She is not my girlfriend.” Gamagoori waved to Mankanshoku.

But maybe he’d like her to be. Deep down. Where he would never see it or have to admit it outloud.

Where it belonged.

Birthdays

Chapter Summary

Gamagoori knows what to get her for her birthday.

It amazed him, the limitlessness that was Mankanshoku's stomach. How she could eat that much was beyond him.

But with her birthday coming up, and everyone (even Jakuzure) getting her a present, he had the perfect idea for her.

The day before her birthday, everyone got together and gave her gifts.

Clothing. Books. A home-built computer. A giftcard for the supermarket. Ice cream cake.

It was his turn, he just smiled and said 'day after tomorrow' and waited.

So the day after her birthday came around, and he pulled up to her little run down house and took her to...

"ALL YOU CAN EAT!" She jumped out of the car.

"Yes. I shall pay for your portion. Just have whatever you want." He smiled at her. "They have food from around the world so you can just try everything."

"Really?"

She marched inside like she owned the place and grabbed a tray in each hand, and piled them high.

The diner watched in awe as she was able to put away bowl after plate after bowl after plate of food.

Curry.

Pasta.

Pizza.

Soup.

Buns.

Sandwiches.

Fruits.

Vegetables.

Sides.

Fish.

Meat.

Grains.

Japanese.

American.

Italian.

Korean.

Thai.

Cake.

Cookies.

Ice cream.

Soda.

All with a smile shining bright on her face.

Where it belonged.

Save The Date- DANCE! Save the Dance!

Chapter Summary

A slip of paper can mean so much.
For everyone

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Gamagoori was *shocked* to see it in the mail.

A ‘save the date’ card.

And an invitation to a wedding.

For Sanageyama and Matoi.

They moved fast.

Or maybe he just moved slow.

Everyone around him was moving on with their lives.

Matoi and Sanageyama were getting married.

Jakuzure and Inunmuta had moved in together.

Satsuki had handed over the day to day running of the business to open her own boutique that was partnered with Iori’s tailoring business.

Mankanshoku’s father was more than just a legitimate doctor now, but the head of the ER at the hospital. Her mother ran a small diner. Her brother was on track to be the top of his class for the second year in a row.

Things were moving all around him and he was...

Standing still.

“Gamagoori?”

“Mankanshoku.” He looked up from his mailbox to see her standing there. “Give Matoi my best wishes.”

“I will! She’s so happy! It was such a surprise. None of us knew it was going to happen.”

“Are you going to be in the wedding?”

“Nope!”

“What?”

“They aren’t going to have anyone.” Mankanshoku smiled. “Satsuki is going to give Ryuko away, but other than that, they wanna do it alone.”

“Oh.”

“Gamagoori?”

“Yes?”

“Will you save a dance for me?”

Gamagoori blushed. She was thinking of him. She was thinking about dancing with him. She *wanted* to dance with him.

“I would be honored.” Gamagoori nodded.

“It’s a date” She cried out and ran off, waving her goodbyes as she headed back towards her house.

“A date huh?” He heard Inumuta above him.

“Shut up.” He slammed his mailbox shut.

There’s no way she would think of it like that.

Right?

Because right now... this is where they belonged.

Chapter End Notes

I always imagine that Uzu and Ryuko would get married pretty quick.

The World Can Change on Maybes

Satsuki sighed as they watched Matoi and Sanageyama dancing.

Well... Sanageyama and Sanageyama now.

He had to say, they looked good together. Happy. Complete.

“Gamagoori.”

“Yes ma’am?”

“I’m not a ma’am here. Just a friend.”

“Apologies.”

“Not necessary. We were at war a long time. It is understandable that it would take time to fit into a normal world.” She sighed.

“Are you alright.”

“We may not have known it for long, but that’s still my baby sister.” Satsuki sighed. “I’m sad that we will never be close, but I’m happy that she is happy.” She laughed. “Her happiness is mine. Peace is peace, we are free, and now I pray for ignorance.”

He sat there, unsure of what to say.

“You don’t need to say anything.” She shook her head. “Just go and be happy with Mankanshoku.”

“What are-”

“Do not be purposefully obtuse. It is not the same as ignorant.” She snapped. “You like her. You wish for this moment with her.” She smiled out at her younger sister, being dipped by her new husband on the dance floor. “You want what they have and you want it with Mankanshoku.”

“I do not think it is possible.”

“Then make it so it is possible. Ask the right questions. Get the answers you need.”

“But what about my service to you?”

Satsuki smiled up at him. “It is not needed. Go win your young lady and then, my friend, you will let me be your best woman at your wedding.”

Gamagoori bit his lip.

Maybe, just maybe, it was time to change where he belonged.

Because maybe, just maybe, he belonged with *her* .

Home

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, Mankanshoku isn't as strong as he thinks she is. And that's okay.

They were at the all you can eat diner.

“Hey, Gamagoori?”

“Yes, Makan?”

It was the closest she got get him to say to her first name.

“Do you think I’m a burden on my parents?”

“What?”

“Well... things got easier when Ryuko moved in with her husband. And I really... I mean I have a job helping Satsuki. But, it just feels like I should be on my own by now.”

“Then why aren’t you?”

“Well... I think...” She sighed. “I’m scared to be on my own.”

That took him by surprise. He had never know her to be like this, to admit that she was scared. Pain. Yes. Hunger. Yes. Happy. Yes. Scared? Not really.

“When I’m alone, I remember.” She whispered.

“Remember what?”

“What it was like in the COVERS.”

Oh.

OH ...

Gamagoori took a deep breath and wrapped an arm over her shoulders.

“I didn’t know you remembered.”

“I don’t like to talk about it.”

“I didn’t know you were sentient in the COVERS.”

“I don’t like to talk about it.”

“Well... maybe you could talk to me?” Gamagoori gave her shoulder a little squeeze, like he remembered his mother doing to him when he was young.

“I don’t... I can’t.” Mankanshoku shook her head.

“Okay.”

He understood. Maybe... better than the others, he understood.

“Hey, Mekan.”

“Yeah?”

“Why don’t you move into my spare room.” He offered.

“What?”

“I have a spare bedroom. If you don’t want to be on your own... maybe you could be with me?”

“Can I think about it?”

“Sure.”

Three weeks later, they were sitting on the roof of her home.

“Gamagoori, does the offer still stand?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I have that spare room?”

“Of course you can.”

It was one step closer to being where he wanted to belong.

Truth or Dare

Living with her was simultaneously the best and the worst thing to ever happen to him.

This is what he wanted, but god damn it, did she not own a longer towel or a bathrobe or something!?

And so he shoved another egg roll into his mouth.

“Just give into temptation.” Iori told him over his soup. “It’ll work, I promise.”

“Not now, Iori.”

“Seriously, just do it.” Sanageyama sighed. “It’s driving Ryuko crazy.”

“Not now, Monkey.”

“The data suggests that she will be very receptive to your advances.” Inumuta smirked over a cup of coffee.

“Not now, Data Dog.”

“Come on! Even *I* am feeling sorry for the underachiever at this point.” Jakuzure slammed her beanie on the table.

“Not now, Snake.”

“Why don’t we just ask her?” Iori started waving.

“Not now Ior-WHAT?”

“Hello everyone!”

“Hello Makanshoku.” Iori smiled. “We’ve been playing truth or dare, and everyone at this table has only picked truth. Will you pick dare?”

“Sure! But I don’t like choosing, so I’ll pick both!”

“The underachiever is overachieving for once.” Jakuzure smiled. “Good job!”

“Truth, at this table, who would you like to kiss the most?” Inumuta asked.

“Gamagoori!”

He blushed.

“Dare. Kiss Gamagoori.” Sanageyama smiled.

“Kay.” She leaned over and planted her lips firmly on his. “That was nice!”

He was red. Bright. Red.

“I was looking for a reason to do that.”

Tomato red.

“Can I take you on a date so we can do that again?”

“Sure.” “He’d love to.” ”Saturday at seven works.” “Cool.” ”Yeperooni.”

Everyone responded for him.

“Is that okay, Ira?” Mako was holding his hand. *MAKO* was HOLDING *HIS* HAND!

“Yeah.” He cleared his throat.

“Great!” She leaned over and kissed his cheek. “I have to go tell Ryuko and Satsuki. Bye!”

He smiled as he watched her go, ignoring the jeers and catcalls and whistles of his so called friends.

He smiled, because for the first time, he felt like the belonging he had was mutual. They belonged together. And that, was very nice.

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